THE ELIZABETH-CITY STAR
AND
North-Carolina Eastern Intelligencer.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY BENJAMIN ALBERTSON, AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, OR TWO DOLLARS FOR SIX MONTHS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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TERMS.

☞ *No paper discontinued till directions to that effect are given, and arrearages paid, but at the option of the Editor.*

☞ *Advertisements of no more length than breadth, neatly inserted three times for a dollar, and twenty-five cents for each continuance; longer ones in the same proportion.*

☞ *Advertisements will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly, unless otherwise marked by the writers.*

No advertisement will be inserted for less than one dollar.

☞ *Persons at a distance must accompany their advertisements with the money, or they will not be inserted.*

☞ *Letters addressed to the Editor must be postpaid, or they will not be lifted.*

CITY HOTEL.

The subscriber has re-opened the City Hotel as a house of public entertainment for travellers and boarders, where he respectfully solicits public patronage.

Wm Albertson.

Elizabeth-City, April 7.

GEORGE KELLINGER, TAILOR,

HAVING taken the front room of the house occupied by Mr Asa McCoy, on Road-Street, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Elizabeth-City and the surrounding country, that he is ready to execute all orders in his business. Clothes will be made by the latest and most approved fashions, and the workmanship done in a manner not inferior to any in the place. He flatters himself that he can give general satisfaction to all his customers.

Elizabeth-City, May 5.

Wanted to Purchase

Or to hire for the year, a middle aged negro Woman without children, who can Cook, Wash and Iron; for which a liberal price will be given. Enquire at this Office.

January 20.

VIRGINIA STATE

Navigation Lottery,

THIRD CLASS,

To be drawn in August next.

Highest Prize

8,000 DOLS.

PRESENT PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole $2 50—Halves $1 25—Quarters 62 cts. For tickets in this popular Lottery, apply at

Gordan's Office.

July 28 *Elizabeth-City.*

MARYLAND *Literature Lottery,*

CLASS I.

To be drawn in August.

J. I. Cohen, Jr. & Brothers, Contractors.

SCHEME.

1	$20,000	$20,000
1	10,000	10,000
10	2,000	20,000
10	1,000	10,000
10	500	5,000
20	200	4,000
20	100	2,000
40	50	2,000
100	20	2,000
150	10	1,500
300	5	1,500
9000	4	36,000
9,662	*Prizes*	$114,000

Present price of Tickets:

Whole Tickets $5 | Quarters, $1 25
Halves, 2 50 | Eighths, 62

For sale by

Wm. D. Gordan.

July 28 *Elizabeth-City.*

State of North Carolina.
Camden County.

IN EQUITY—Spring Term, 1827.

John C. Ehringhaus, Adm'r of William T. Muse, dec. vs. Willie McPherson, & others.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Thomas Grissan and wife Lovey two of the defendants in this case are not inhabitants of this State, *It is therefore ordered*, that publication be made for three months in the Elizabeth-City Star, that the said Thomas Grissan and wife Lovey appear at the next Court of Equity for Camden County, to be held at the Court-House in Camden on the fifth Monday after the fourth Monday of September next, and plead and answer to the said bill, or judgment pro confesso will be entered up against them.

Test,
GEO. FEREBEE, *Clk. & M. E. C. C.*
Camden County, June 2.

NOTICE.

Agreeable to an order of Court passed June Term, 1827.

Will be Sold

before the Court House door in Elizabeth City, on Tuesday 4th day of September next, a negro man called JOE, who is now confined in the jail of Pasquotank County, as a runaway, to pay prison fees and other expenses.—A description of the aforesaid negro has been given in the Raleigh Star.

WILLIAM GREGORY, *Shff.*
By JOSHUA A. POOL, *D. Shff.*
June 9, 1827. *tds.*

NOTICE

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Gates Court-House on Tuesday of County Court,

A Tract of Land

Lying in Gates County, about one and half miles from Sandy Cross, and about the same distance from Muddy Cross. The said land is as well timbered as any in Gates County, with good white Oak and Red Oak Timber. The number of acres is one hundred and fifty, more or less—Terms of the sale will be made known on that day at the Court House.

Alfred M. Trotman.

July 14 *Tf*

Landing this Day

from on board the schr. Kitty Flowers, Capt. Ashbee,

65 bbls. superfine Flour,
25 bbls. Family do. red S,
25 " Middlings,
30 " mess and prime Pork,
8 kegs of Tobacco,
20 bbls. apple Brandy,
10 " Cordial,
3 doz. Bitters,
6 crates stone Ware assorted.

Mathew Cluff.

Elizabeth-City, June 23.

JUST RECEIVED

from New-York, per schooner Francis, capt. Smith,

40 bbls. Pork,
Family Flour,
Superfine do.
Fine and cross middling do.
Raisins, and
A few kegs Tobacco.

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

Leml. C. Moore.

Elizabeth-City, June 16. *Tf*

Constables Blanks.

WARRANTS for Perquimans, Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck Counties.

INSOLVENT BONDS and CAPS, printed, and for sale at THIS OFFICE.

Blanks for sale at this office.

Farmer's Repository.

(From Lorain's Practice of Husbandry)

Different classes of Farmers in limited Circumstances.

[CONCLUDED.]

Observations on the different classes of farmers in limited circumstances; also on the injurious error of occupying more land than can be cultivated properly, by the capital employed. Remarks on the ruinous practices too generally pursued by tenants in this country; also on the measures to be taken to prevent these evils. Two distinct systems of management recommended to be practised by the circumscribed cultivator. The extensive usefulness of the grasses when employed by the circumscribed farmer for manure, explained; also how they should be applied and managed by him.—How the soil is ameliorated by a turnip crop. On growing potatoes on grass lays without dung.

It appears from the long and vigorous continuation of many of the plants that survive, age cannot be justly considered the cause of the early death of the greater number of them. This seems to proceed from their being exposed by frequent mowing and close pasturing, to the injurious effects of frost, and the scorching rays of the sun. Nature has not formed the plant to withstand frequent mutilation, any thing like so well as the spear grasses. We also see that even brambles, hardy weeds and sprouts, from the roots of trees, are often destroyed by being frequently cut off near to the ground by the scythe. We may also observe that while the lateral roots of red clover continue healthy, that they hold the taproots so firmly in the ground, that the plant maintains its natural position, even when the soil around it is heaved up so highly by frost, that the crown of the plant stands in a hollow formed by the expansion of the ground: likewise, that when a general thaw takes place, and the soil sinks, the taproot maintains its natural position in the ground, and the plant remains unhurt.

This is best seen when the plants are young in the stuble crop, the first winter and spring after the seed was sown. It should, however, be observed, that it sometimes happens that when red clover has been sown on buckwheat, that many of the plants are heaved out by the frost of the ensuing winter and spring. In this case, it appears that the roots of the plant do not become sufficiently large & strong before frost puts a stop to their growth.

When potatoes are grown by the circumscribed farmer, on his best grounds, with the grasses turned under for manure, and the grass crop be a good one, it will be best to plant the sets by trench ploughing, as directed in my book on Cultivation. This will save a considerable part of the manure arising from the tops and roots of the grasses from waste, when the crop is gathered. It will remain safe at the bottom for the growth of small grain and grasses following the potatoes.

The plants may be arranged agreeably to Mr. Watson's practice, described in my book on Cultivation. So soon as the size of them will admit, they should be thinned, leaving but one of the most thrifty growing from each set. In pulling up the supernumerary plants, great care should be taken to remove the roots, otherwise they will grow from the stubs left behind, and being mutilated injure the crop more than if no attempt had been made to remove them. If Mr. Watson's plan be adopted, the number of the plants remaining after the crop has been thinned, will be more than some farmers consider sufficient, when farm-yard manure has been applied for that crop. As this gentleman planted on thin pasture grounds fed bare, and some of his potatoes grown in that way, weighed one pound, wheat or barley may safely follow this crop, when it is grown on a good soil well manured by the tops and roots of grasses. Grass seeds should be sown on the small grain, and the grounds remain three years in grass before they are again turned up for a fallow crop.

The early and vigorous growth of the plants, as well as the product of the crop, will be greatly promoted by rolling the sets in gypsum, while the moisture arising from cutting them is fresh on the set. They should be spread out to dry, and great care taken not to handle them till planted, so that the gypsum be not rubbed off.

If lime can be readily procured, and the cultivator's capital will admit the use of it, the product of the potatoe, and also the grasses following it, together with the improvement of the soil, will be greatly promoted by spreading thirty bushels of it to the acre, and incorporating it with the surface of the soil, in the way recommended in my book on Cultivation. If this be done, it is considered best not to thin the potatoe-plants except where more than two may happen to grow from each set; provided the soil be a good one, and a luxuriant crop of grass has been ploughed under for manure.

If stones, stumps, deficiency of proper instruments, or any other cause, prevent trench ploughing, the potatoe sets may be planted in the usual way, by turning the sod with a good crop of grass over them. In this case, the furrow slices should be levelled with the roller, and well pulverized with the hoe-harrow or skim, with the tined-harrow following lengthwise of the furrows, as deep as it can be readily done, without disturbing the sets, or turning up the sod. If this be not done, and the ground is close bound by the roots of the grasses, many of the plants will spend much of their time and strength in growing under the sod before they can either penetrate it, or find their way out through the seams formed by the furrow slices, and the crop will be greatly curtailed.

As the potatoe sets cannot be covered by the plough in spots which obstacles render inaccessible to it, and the extent of those spots will not be determined, until after the rest of the field be planted, the pulverizing of the soil should be deferred, until the vacancies be planted by covering the sets with the sod turned over them with the hand hoe. Care should be taken to turn the sod well over them and around the obstacles, and at a proper depth. As this cannot be done without cutting the sod into small pieces, the implements by which the soil is pulverized, should be lifted over those spots in passing through the field, otherwise the short pieces of sod will be turned up. By the time the crop requires cultivation, the sod will be considerably consolidated by rain, and the roots of the plants; consequently, if care be taken in passing thro' those places, many of them will not be turned up by the skim, if that instrument be sharp.

When the covering and roots of the grasses are insufficient to produce valuable crops of potatoes, with a crop of small grain and grasses after it, the circumscribed farmer may bring his cornstalks, straw, leaves and offal vegetable matter into valuable use. As, however, the fermentation and decomposition of these dried substances progress slowly when they are not saturated with the juices of the cattle yard, they, together with the scanty growth of the grasses, may not be sufficient to expand and divide the covering among the sets, as it ought to be done for an advantageous growth of this root, if the crop be planted by trench ploughing. In that case, the cornstalks, &c. should be spread over the lay, and the sets covered in the usual way, by turning the sod with these substance and the tops of grass, over them. The farmer however, should be careful to have them so far decomposed, before they are applied for the crop, as will render them as useful to the grain and grasses following, as can be expected after the loss sustained by ploughing them up, when the potatoes are gathered. If this be not done, the more solid remains of these dried substances will be dragged up in heaps, or spread over the surface by the harrow, when the small grain is sown. In this state they will perish and afford but little nutriment for plants.

But when these substances are applied for such fallow crops as may be gathered, without turning up the soil, they may be ploughed under without any futher decomposition than will render them sufficiently flexible to admit the application of enough of them. Some of these substances will be sufficiently flexible to be turned under when soaking wet; still a much greater quantity, even of these, can be applied after fermentation has introduced a great heat, as this causes them to become much more compact.—A shaded situation, where rain has access, is most favorable to a general and rapid fermentation of them. The heaps ought to be formed so as to admit sufficient moisture and air to pass generally thro' them. To effect this, they should not be heaped up high, nor placed in hollows where the water will lodge in sufficient quantity to retard or prevent fermentation.

Dried or green weeds which have perfected their seed, are very improper manure for a potatoe crop. Ploughing up, or otherwise gathering the product, spreads the seeds of the weeds through the soil as if sown for a crop. This will greatly injure the small grain and grasses following.

They may, however, be very safely and profitably applied for such fallow crops as can be gathered without turning up the manure.

As the unavoidable evils introduced by ploughing out a potatoe crop, especially where many seeds of weeds are incorporated with the manure, form a very striking contrast between the usual cultivation, and that recommended by me, I wish the reader here again deliberately to consider, that not only the potatoe crop, but also every fallow crop cultivated in the usual way, subjects the farmer to great loss in manure by turning it up during the cultivation of the plants. The same also happens when the soil is prepared for the small grain following that crop. The seeds of the weeds are likewise turned up and spread abroad to poison the small grain, and grasses following it. But this is not all; after expending much useless labor to effect this very injurious purpose, and also to mangle the fallow plants, the soil is not kept any thing like so open and mellow, for the ready admission of the roots of the plants, as when this purpose is effected by fermentation alone. A well directed fermentation is also the most powerful and least expensive agent, that can be employed in the destruction of weeds.

Turnips.

Turnips love a light sandy or gravelly soil, or a sandy loam. It should be made soft and fine, but not too rich, lest the turnips be rank and ill-tasted.

Ground that has been newly cleared, yields the largest and sweetest turnips: and on such a spot there is the least danger from insects.

Next to new land, swarded ground is to be chosen for a crop of turnips; and the way to prepare it is, to plough it pretty deep in the spring, and fold it by turning in the stock for a good number of nights. For there is scarcely any of our fields sufficiently rich to produce turnips without manuring: and folding hitherto appears to be the best method of enriching the ground for this purpose. It should be well harrowed as often as once a week, while the folding is continued, to mix the excrements of the cattle with the soil.

The ground should be cross ploughed as soon as the soil is sufficiently rotten, and reduced by harrowing to a fine tilth, before it is sown.—Where a good stock is kept, as much as an acre may be sufficiently folded.

The time for sowing the seed is about the middle of July. Doing it on a set day is ridiculous: for a time should be chosen when the ground has the right degree of moisture to make the seed vegetate; and if this should happen a week earlier, or a fortnight later than the usual time, it need not be regretted; but the opportunity ought to be embraced.

I have sown them in drills the first week in August, and had a good crop. One great advantage of sowing so late is, that the turnips will escape insects. And if the crop should not happen to be quite so large as if the sowing had been earlier, the roots will not fail of being better for the table.

One pound of seed is the common allowance for an acre of land. But to guard against the fly, the quantity may be a little increased. And it is recommended by judicious writers, that it be a mixture of equal parts of new and old seeds, that the plants coming up at different times, the one sort or the other may chance to escape the insects.—With this view, Mr. Tull constructed his turnip drill to lodge the seeds at different depths, which it seems had the desired effect.

The seed sown broadcast must be harrowed in with a short tined harrow, and then rolled with a wooden roller, to break the clods, and level the surface.

In a week, or thereabouts, the young plants will be up: and if it be a dry season, the fly will be apt to destroy them: to prevent which, some powdered soot, or lime, may be sown very thickly over them, by sifting, in a dewy morning. This will quicken the growth of the plants, as well as otherwise defend them. And the faster the plants grow, the sooner they will unfold their rough leaves,

and be out of danger of the fly. Or it may answer well to sprinkle the ground with an infusion of elder, wormwood, or tobacco. But it must be done as soon as the plants are up.

But if the young plants cannot be saved, as it may sometimes so happen, the ground may be harrowed, and sown again, the cost of seed being but little, to compare with the loss of a crop.—[*N. E. Farmer.*

General Jackson's Letter.

From the Nashville Republican.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A letter addressed by me to Carter Beverly, of Virginia, has lately, without any consent, agency, or wish on my part, found its way into the newspapers, accompanied by a statement over the signature of H. Clay, contradicting and denying, not any thing I have written, but that which he himself makes me to say. It is not the interpretation given by my own statement, that I am called upon to defend, and expect to vindicate.

To explain the manner in which my opinions have found their way into the journals of the day, seems, in the first place, to be due both to the public and myself. Mr. Beverly, being on a visit to my house, requested to know of me, other gentlemen being present, whether the overtures heretofore imputed to Mr Clay, were well founded, and if I had a knowledge of any of the facts myself. I answered him candidly, being unable, as unwilling, to refuse telling things I had heard and knew to be true.

A letter detailing our conversation, shortly afterwards obtained publicity in the "North-Carolina Journal," printed at Fayetteville. On the 15th of May last, from Louisville, Kentucky, a communication was addressed to me by Mr. Beverly, stating, what before I had not known, that he was the writer of this Fayetteville letter. He explained the reasons for his having repeated the conversation, and requested to be informed, if in any thing he had mis-quoted or misconceived my meaning.

Under such circumstances, concealment and silence might have seemed mere affectation, or indeed something of a different and even worse character. Publicity having been given to the conversation, and an appeal having been made to me for its accuracy, I felt it to be due to Mr. Beverly, that nothing of fabrication should be imputed to him, and to myself, that what I had stated should be correctly understood. Accordingly, on the 6th of June, and in reply to his of the 15th of May, I addressed him a letter of which the public are already possessed. How, and by what means, it found its way into the columns of a newspaper, Mr. Beverly has explained; he states to me, that he gave it into the hands of Mr. Noah Zane, of Wheeling, Virginia, at his own earnest request, for perusal, under a pledge of honor, that it should be returned; and with no expectation that any copy of it was to be retained. That on his applying for, and demanding the letter, it was refused to be restored, until two copies should be made—He proceeds to say,

"Mr. Zane, an old and respectable gentleman asked the loan of your letter as a favor; and contrary to all custom and propriety in such matters, he, in conjunction with Mr. Clay and his friends, took copies of it, without my knowledge or privity in any way, and without asking my leave to do so. Soon as I understood that such was the use they were making of it, I demanded of Mr. Zane the letter, and remonstrated against the unprecedented course they were taking. He refused to restore it to me, most peremptorily, until they had satisfied themselves by furnishing to Mr. Clay one copy, and reserving another for their own use."

The original conversation referred to, and the above extract of a letter from Mr. Beverly at Wheeling, dated 26th June, 1827, are presented to show that I have not, as is charged, "placed myself in the attitude of a public accuser" and that whatever publicity has been given to this transaction, has arisen from no agency of mine; and that Mr. Clay, in fact, has himself held the matter up to public gaze. In doing this, he should have quoted what I have written accurately and fairly; for then the text and his commentary would have suited together; at present his contradiction is a something suggested by himself, and is not contained in my letter.

The statement contained in my letter to Mr. Beverly, is this: That, in January 1825, a member of Congress of high respectability, visited me one morning and observed—"he had been informed by the friends of Clay, that the friends of Mr. Adams had made overtures to them, saying, if Mr. Clay and his friends would unite in aid of the election of Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay should be Secretary of State; that the friends of Mr. Adams were urging as a reason to induce the friends of Mr. Clay to accede to the proposition, that if I was elected President, Mr. Adams would be continued Secretary of State, (innendo, there would be no room for Kentucky)—that the friends of Mr. Clay stated, the West did not want to separate from the West, and if I would say, or permit any of my confidential friends to say, that in case I was elected President, Mr. Adams should not be continued Secretary of State, by a complete union of Mr. Clay and his friends, they would put an end to the Presidential contest in one hour; and he was of opinion it was right to fight such intriguers with their own weapons."

This disclosure was made to me by Mr. James Buchanan, a member of Congress, from Pennsylvania, a gentleman of the first respectability and intelligence.—The evening before, he had communicated, substantially, the same proposition to Major Eaton, my colleague in the Senate, with a desire warmly manifested that he should communicate with me, and ascertain my views on the subject. This he declined doing, suggesting to Mr. Buchanan that he, as well as himself, could converse with me, and ascertain my opinion on the matter; though, from his knowledge of me, he thought he could conjecture my answer—that I would enter into no engagements whatever. It was the morning succeeding this interview, after Major Eaton had objected to converse with me on the subject, and before I had set out from my lodgings for the capitol, that Mr. Buchanan came to visit me, and when the conversation I have stated took place. The answer returned, has already been published, and need not be here repeated. To be thus approached by a gentleman of Mr. Buchanan's high character and standing, with an apology proffered at the time for what he was about to remark to me—one who, as I understood, had always to that moment, been on familiar and friendly terms with Mr. Clay, assuring me that on certain terms and conditions being assented to on my part, then, "by a union of Mr. Clay and his friends, they would put an end to the presidential contest in one hour," what other conclusion or inference was to be made, than that he spoke by authority, either of Mr. Clay himself, or some of his confidential friends. The character of Mr. Buchanan, with me, forbids the idea that he was acting on his own responsibility, or that under any circumstances he could have been induced to propose an arrangement unless possessed of satisfactory assurances, that, if accepted, it would be carried fully into effect. A weak mind would seldom or ever be thus disposed to act, an intelligent one never.

Under all the circumstances, appearing at the time, I did not resist the impression that Mr. Buchanan had approached me on the cautiously submitted proposition of some authorised person; and, therefore, in giving him my answer, did request him "to say to Mr. Clay and his friends," what that answer had been. Whether the communication was made to Mr. Clay and his friends, I know not; this, though, I do know, that while the opinions and course of Mr. Clay as to the election, were but matter of conjecture with many, at and before this time, very shortly after this conversation took place, his and his friends' opinions became, forthwith, matter of certainty and general knowledge. Still I have not said, nor do I now say that the proposal made to me was "*with the privity and consent*" of Mr. Clay, nor neither have I said that his *friends in Congress made propositions to me.*

These are Mr. Clay's interpretations of my letter to Mr. Beverly, and not what my letter itself contains. What I have stated are the facts of a conversation between myself and a member of Congress of high respectability. The conclusion and inference from that conversation—the time—manner—and all the circumstances satisfied my mind that it was not *unauthorised*—So I have thought and so I still think: and yet I again repeat, that in this supposition I may have possibly done Mr. Clay injustice—If he shall be able to sustain the averments he has made, and acquit himself of any participation and agency in the matter, I beg leave to assure him that so far from affording me pain, it will give me pleasure—I certainly can have no desire that the character of my country, through the acts of a prominent citizen, shall rest under any serious imputation for the honor of that country, I should greatly prefer that any inference I have made may turn out to be ill-founded.

Mr. Clay declares his great satisfaction that this matter has at last been brought to light, and to public consideration. He feels rejoiced "that a specific accusation by a responsible accuser, has at length appeared." To this a passing notice is due.

It must be recollected, that in consequence of a letter from Mr. George Kremer, in January, 1825, an inquiry was set on foot in Congress, upon the application of Mr. Clay himself.

On this memorable occasion, of guilt imputed on the one hand, and innocence maintained on the other, Mr. McDuffie, it will be recollected, submitted for consideration to the House of Representatives, as matter of instruction to the committee, the following resolution:

"That the said committee be instructed to inquire whether the friends of Mr Clay have hinted that they would fight for those who would pay best, or any thing to that effect; and whether overtures were said to have been made by the friends of Mr. Adams to the friends of Mr Clay, offering him the appointment of Secretary of State for his aid to elect Adams; and whether the friends of Mr. Clay gave this information to the friends of Jackson and hinted that if his friends would offer the same price they would close with him; and whether H. Clay has transferred or resolved to transfer his interest to John Q. Adams; and whether it was said and believed, that as a consideration for this abandonment of duty to his constituents, Clay was to be appointed Secretary of State, and that the said committee be authorised to send for persons and papers, and to compel the persons so sent for to answer upon oath."

Now here is a resolution, officially submitted, covering more than the ground of my communication to Mr. Beverly; & resting in connection with an accusation publicly charged in the newspapers; and yet, Mr. Clay at this late period, professes to be rejoiced, that "a specific accusation by a responsible accuser, has at length appeared." Certainly more than two years ago, an accuser respectable, and an accusation specific were both before him, were both within his reach, and might have been met had he been at all disposed to the interview, or rejoiced at the prospect of meeting an accuser.—Had Mr. M'Duffie believed the charge groundless and untrue, he is a man of too high sense of honor to have pressed upon the consideration of the committee, an instruction clothed in the pointed phraseology that this is; nor can it be inferred, that in a matter so serious, the friends of Mr. Clay would have voted against extending this asked for power to the committee.—An innocent man, before an impartial tribunal, fears not to meet the exercise of any power that competent authority gives; and far less should he distrust that exercise, when in the hands of correct and honorable men.

Innocence never seeks for safety thro' covert ways and hidden ambuscades; she fights by day and in the open plain, and proud in her own strength meets her enemy fearlessly. In the proposition submitted by Mr. McDuffie, there was nothing to alarm, nothing that innocence should have doubted about; it was neither more nor less, than a call of the attention of the committee to particular inquiries, with an application for power to ferret out the truth, through an appeal to the oath of those who might be called upon to depose before them.

Without documents, and unacquainted with the number of Mr. Clay's friends in the House, I cannot assert that *they* were in opposition to Mr. McDuffie's resolution. Yet it is obvious that the influence he possessed, would have been amply sufficient to produce a different result had Mr. Clay been at all desirous that a different one should have been produced. The resolution contained strong imputations, and serious charges—Mr. Clay and his friends were both implicated. Can it be presumed, under such a state of general excitement, that, if Mr. Clay desired it, he could not have found present and at hand, some friend to ask in his behalf that the resolution should be adopted and full powers extended to the committee? And, moreover, can it be thought, that such an indulgence, if desired by Mr Clay, or any of his friends, could or would have been denied? And yet, it was denied, inasmuch as the resolution was rejected, and the power asked for, refused to the committee.

A solicitude to find "a specific accusation, by a responsible accuser," could not have been so seriously entertained then, as it is earnestly expressed now, or else so excellent an opportunity being afforded to encounter both, both could not have been so carelessly regarded—so contemned, and so thrown away. A controversy with me can no more disclose or render apparent Mr. Clay's innocence, than could the controversy placed within his reach two and a half years ago; and yet, while the one was avoided, or at any rate not embraced with a zeal corresponding with the necessity of the occasion, at the prospects presented by the other, exceeding joy seems to be manifested. Then, as now, *a specific accusation*, was before him.

One further remark and I am done, with a hope that, on this subject, I may not be under any necessity of again appearing in the newspapers. In saying what I have, all the circumstances considered, I have felt it was due to myself and the public. My wish would have been, to avoid having any thing to say or to do in this matter, from an apprehension well conceived, that persons will not be wanting, who may charge whatever is done, to a desire to effect others, and benefit myself. My own feelings, though, are of higher importance and value to me than the opinion of those who impose censure where it is believed not to be deserved. I have been actuated by no such design, nor governed by any such consideration. The origin—the beginning of this matter, was at my own house and fireside; where surely a free man may be permitted to speak on public topics, without having ascribed to him improper designs. I have not gone into the highways and market places to proclaim my opinions, and in this feel that I have differed from some, who, even at public dinner tables, have not scrupled to consider me as a legitimate subject for a speech and the entertainment of the company. And yet of this, who has heard me complain? No one. Trusting to the justice of an intelligent people, I have been content to rely for security on their decision, against the countless assaults and slanders, which are sought so repeatedly to be palmed upon them without seeking to present myself in my own defence: and still less to become the "responsible accuser" of Mr. Clay, or any other person.

Andrew Jackson.

Hermitage, July 18th, 1827.

Mr. Adams and Gen. Jackson.—These two distinguished citizens are now before the public as Candidates for the first and most honourable office in the world. Every remark connected with their characters is highly interesting. Nature appears to have formed them of different materials, for they resemble each other in very few points. Mr. Adams' entire life has been passed in study, and in the acquirement of a knowledge of the political institutions and interests of his country; Gen. Jackson, on the contrary, has never turned his attention to these subjects, and, until a few years back, was scarcely known out of the State of Tennessee. It was not until after the commencement of the war, that his "military talents" were developed. Until that period, he had given no proofs of talents of any kind, except those named, and as one who delighted in "bloodshed" and in "affrays of violence."—Mr. Adams' private life has been tranquil, and marked by a devotion to morality, and exemplary in every respect; Gen. Jackson's has been stormy and full of "personal broils," and demoralizing. And even in the present contest for the Presidential chair, their friends support them upon opposite principles. Mr. Adams' pretentions arise from his acknowledged talents as a statesman, and Gen. Jackson's from his "victories" as a soldier of the last war. The one hopes to obtain the confidence of his fellow-citizens, from his tried services in the Cabinet and Civil Institutions of our free Government; the other looks to his "bayonets" and "personal bravery in the battle" for his elevation; nor can the comparison of characters be closed, without calling the attention of the public to the conduct of these two rival candidates towards each other, in the present canvass. Mr. Adams has never received a favor from Gen. Jackson; on the contrary, Gen. Jackson owes to Mr. Adams a debt of gratitude for his able defence of his conduct at a "particular period during the last war. Mr Adams has, upon no occasion, assailed the "character" or "motives" of Gen. Jackson, but observes a perfect silence and "delicacy" towards him. His high and honourable feelings will not permit him to take a personal part in his own election. Gen. Jackson, on the contrary, is "the master spirit" who moves his own party; and to promote his election, he first clandestinely circulates "charges of corruption, bargain, &c." against Mr. Adams, and now openly comes out as his accuser. There never were two men before the public, who possessed a greater difference in character—which of the two ought to be rewarded by the confidence of a moral, free and enlightened people? The answer is easily given.

[*National Journal.*

PENSACOLA, July 20.

Commodore RIDGELY, the Commander of the West India Squadron, sailed in the Hornet. It was not known, until he was under way, that he would leave this port for some time, and his unexpected movement, to Havana and Key West, at this season, has set conjecture afloat as to the object of his visit. An unusual number of despatches were received by him, from Washington, by late mails, and it is understood that the new Sloop of war "The Natchez" is to meet him off Havana.

The late movements at Key West may require the presence of the Commander of our Squadron. It was said, not long since, that a Cabildo had been held in Havana, to discuss the propriety and expediency of attacking Commodore Porter, within the harbor of Key West, and of course, within the limits of the jurisdiction of the United States. It is reported, that a majority were in favour of the measure, but Vives, the Captain General, and Com. Laborde were opposed to it, being of opinion that it would violate the neutrality of the United States. It is also rumored that Com. Laborde, Commander of the Spanish naval forces, has made a complaint to the Collector at Key West, against the conduct of Com. Porter; and that the Spanish Authorities have also made formal complaints to our Government, of the violation of neutrality on the part of the Mexican Naval forces. It is probable that Com. Ridgely has been ordered there, to enquire into these matters, to prevent abuses on either side, and to protect the neutral character of the United States.

If this be the case, Com. Ridgely's promptitude on this occasion shows that the Government have entrusted the performance of the service, to an energetic, efficient and zealous officer. If the Spanish forces attack within our limits the squadron of a friendly power, enjoying our hospitality, it will be our duty to interpose and prevent it, by force if necessary. If, on the other hand, the Mexican forces abuse that hospitality, by making improper use of the neutrality of our Ports; it will be the duty of Com. Ridgely to interfere, and prevent a departure on our part from that neutrality, which has heretofore been the ark of our political safety.

War news.—Governor Cass has arrived in town on Tuesday morning last. Through him, and by private letters, information has been received, that the Indians had again been making attacks on our citizens. We had occasion, some time since, to narrate the barbarous murder of some women and children at Prairie des Cheins, by the Winnebagoes.—This same tribe have again, at the same place, murdered two or three of the whites, and committed other depredations. The citizens were much alarmed, had left their habitations, and taken *refuge in the fort*, where they were making every exertion for a defence, in case of an attack. We are also informed, that the miners in the neighborhood of Fever River were a good deal alarmed. The Indians had been harassing them, and a boat, either ascending or descending the river, was attacked, and completely riddled. Two men on board of her were killed and two severely wounded: the clerk of the steam boat Mexico was one of the latter. On the arrival of this news, an express was immediately sent to General Atkinson. He arrived in town on Tuesday afternoon, and had a consultation with General Clark and Governor Cass. We have not heard precisely the determination of General Atkinson. Rumour says, that a body of Infantry, from three to five hundred, will immediately proceed up the river, in a steam boat detained for that purpose. We are glad that the river is in such fine condition, as there will be no detention by the way, and protection will be immediately afforded.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that six companies of the 1st, and the whole of the 6th Regiment, all under the command of Gen. Atkinson, will immediately proceed up the river.—Thus, we hope an immediate check will be given to further hostilities.—[*Missouri Rep.*

It was with some surprize, and much regret that we observed an editorial article in the last U. S. Telegraph, in which it is assumed as a fact, and so stated, that Mr. Buchanan is the person to whom Gen. Jackson alluded, in his letter to Mr Beverly, of the 5th ult. We have authority for saying that Mr. Buchanan will not act *on the presumption* that he is the person. He cannot consent to become a volunteer in this business. Should it hereafter become necessary to make any statement upon the subject, Mr. Buchanan will then immediately publish, in detail, the conversation which he ever held with General Jackson concerning the Presidential election, prior to his nomination. In the mean time we think it right to state, that what we believe to have been the real introduction of Mr. Buchanan in the Telegraph, has been without his authority, and

[*Lancaster*

Elizabeth-City:

Saturday, Aug. 18, 1827.

We have published in our paper today another letter of General Jackson's in answer to *Mr.* Clay's publication. In this letter, *Mr.* James Buchanan, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, is declared to be the "gentleman of the first respectability and intelligence" who made the base and corrupt proposal to General Jackson, pending the last Presidential election, "that in case he (Gen. J.) was elected President, *Mr.* Adams should not be continued Secretary of State, by a complete union of *Mr.* Clay and his friends, they would put an end to the Presidential contest in one hour; and he was of opinion it was right to fight such intriguers with their own weapons"

Gen. Jackson said in his letter to *Mr.* Beverly that this proposal came from *Mr.* Clay, which *Mr.* C. denies in the most positive terms, and calls on Gen'l Jackson for proof.

We may now expect to hear from *Mr.* Buchanan. A paper published in the town where he resides, says, "We have authority for saying that *Mr.* Buchanan will not act *on the presumption* that he is the person. He cannot consent to become a volunteer in this business. Should it hereafter become necessary to make any statements upon the subject, *Mr.* Buchanan will then immediately publish, in detail, the only conversation which he ever held with Gen. Jackson concerning the last Presidential election, prior to its termination."

Another letter has made its appearance, signed by Carter Beverly, charging *Mr.* Clay and Col. Zane with unfairness in taking copies of Gen. Jackson's letter, but we have not published it.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Chowan County.—Wm. Walton, Senate; Wm. Jackson and Wm. Byrum, Commons.

Bertie.—George O. Askew, Senate; Thos H Speller and Joseph D. White, Commons.

Beaufort.—J. Q. K. Williams, Senate; Wm. A. Blount and Thos. W. Blackledge, Commons.

Nash—Nicholas J. Drake, Senate; Jas. A. *Mann* and Fred. Battle, Commons.

Gates.—Harrell, Senate; Stedman & Riddick, Commons.

Hertford—Askew, Senate; Montgomery and Wheeler, Commons.

Turrell—Beasley, Senate; Bateman and Davenport, Commons.

Town of Newbern.—John Stanly.

Town of Edenton.—Gen. Jas. Iredell, without opposition.

The following official returns from each county in the Edenton District for a member of Congress was politely furnished us by the Sheriff of this County.

	Sawyer.	*Shepard.*
Currituck County	325	366
Camden	517	203
Pasquotank	640	206
Perquimans	419	189
Chowan	196	227
Gates	479	174
Hertford	367	214
	2943	1579

Which gives Leml. Sawyer, esq. a majority of 1364 votes.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Editor—

The greatest weakness in man is to publish his weakness and to appear fond to have it known. But vanity will often prompt a man to this; who, unacquainted with the measure of his capacities, attempts things out of his power, and beyond his reach; whereby he makes the world acquainted with two things to his disadvantage, which they were ignorant of before; viz. his *deficiency* and his *self-ignorance* in appearing so blind to it.—For a man to venture out of his depth, or attempt any thing he wants opportunity or capacity to accomplish, is certainly a sign of great *self-ignorance*. Therefore, a wise man will consider with himself, before he undertakes any thing of consequence, whether he hath abilities to carry him through it, and whether the issue of it is like to be for his credit; lest he sink under the weight he lays upon himself, and incur the just censure of rashness, presumption and folly. It is true, a wise man hath his foibles as well as a fool. But the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himself, and concealed from the world; the foibles of the other are known to the world, and concealed from himself. The wise man sees those frailties in himself, which others cannot; but the fool is blind to those blemishes in his character, which are conspicuous to every body else. Whence it appears, that *self-acquaintance* is that which makes the main difference between a wise man and a fool, in the moral sense of that word.

These observations are particularly recommended to the perusal of the person who has written in your last paper under the signature of "A Friend to Justice"—nay, I would not only recommend them to his *mere perusal*, but would likewise advise him (as he appears to be a subscriber of yours) to keep the paper that contains these observations under lock and key, to refer to whenever his spirit moves him to make an essay again in public. If this Friend to Justice will come forward in *propria personæ* to the "aristocratical gentlemen" (as he calls them) they will not only answer his interrogatives, but likewise point out a few grammatical errors in his essay.

MONITOR.

Elizabeth-City, Aug. 16, 1827.

Mr. Editor—

I send you a long extract, from a communication addressed to me a few days ago by a particular friend of mine, which you are at liberty to publish, if you think it suitable to the taste of your readers.

"Dear ——, At the closing scene of your late political drama in Elizabeth-City under the name of Congressional and County elections, after having contemplated the merits of the performance and performers, seen the major part of the principal actors collected on the stage to receive the plaudits or reproaches of the audience as justice, prejudice, or caprice predominated, I was politely invited by our friend —— to accompany him to an exhibition of a very different character, one in which my heart, my soul, has ever taken the most lively interest.

By the fiat of Omnipotence, my own *true* happiness is the object of my being, to that point all the actions of my life should converge; but I am a social being, and the happiness of others is necessary to the completion of my own, otherwise happiness is attainable out of all connection with society, which is impossible. Resting on these fundamental principles I frequently cast a glance over the population of the universe, but oftener over the part which affords me protection and which justly claims the benefit of my exertions, and presume to suggest such opinions as appear to me conducive to general happiness.

At 10 o'clock the bell gave public notice that an examination of the pupils was about to commence at the Academy. The female department was the first visited—no moment of my life experienced more pleasureable feelings; a class of six or eight babes, healthy buds of female loveliness, were answering questions in English grammar. From them my eye soon rolled itself into the luxury of the whole scene—the seats were decorated with health, innocence and beauty; the sparkling eye and sprightly countenance of childhood, the modest deportment, yet just confidence, and easy, or I should rather say, elegant movements of those approaching the threshold of active life, inspired in me corresponding ideas of pleasure and affection. Great Author of nature, I silently exclaimed, how abundant is thy beneficence to ungrateful man! thou makest these angels the comfort of his age; their maturity thou hast designed for softening the austerity of his rugged nature, for breathing comfort in the hour of affliction, and making his home a paradise during his earthly sojournment! these are they for whom alone, it would seem, the world is worth a wish or a sigh.—But I think I hear some one sneeringly ask, is not this boasted boon of Heaven frequently found to produce thorns instead of flowers in the path of life? Alas! it must be admitted, but I have this consolation that the exception justifies my positions. The laws of nature, which no sophestry can change, point out the cause of this supposed anomaly, and the remedy that avoids it. It is a principle in nature that those things which are capable of producing the greatest benefits, if neglected, unskillfully administered, or designedly perverted, will assuredly produce the worst consequences.

For twenty-five hundred years at least, it has been argued, and for more than a thousand years universally admitted, that education is that means whereby man can approach nearest to that state of perfection which his beneficent Creator designed for him. The extensive powers which the human mind is found to possess prove this position to a mathematical certainty: for every one admits that God has made nothing in vain, and it is equally admissible that what he has made should be used to meet the intention of its creation—but even neglect in this case is such a dereliction of duty as must subject the delinquent to severe reprehension. Females are possessed of all the fine feelings of which human nature is susceptible, unaccompanied by those bold and rapid darings that are required in the opposite sex for the protection of both, but they are also found to possess all the varieties of mental faculties, the cultivation of which is intended by nature as a prudent guard over the weaker qualities, that they may be preserved for the beneficent purposes for which they were intended. This cultivation enables woman to exercise love and pity without endangering her honor or repose, to assuage the turbulence or console the affliction of a disappointed or oppressed parent, husband, or friend; to smoothe the brow of care, and radiate the gloom of despondence. But all other advantages apart one still remains which justifies the wisdom of the Deity in furnishing the female mind with a capacity for improvement, and establishes the truth of this proposition, "That female education is essential to the happiness of the community." On woman's knee the mind of man is formed, from her lips the principles of religion and virtue are eagerly caught and fondly cherished, her conduct, which should be a practical commentary on her private instructions, is observed and copied: but whatever may be her passions or feelings his receive direction from them; her prejudices vitiate, or her virtues purify his ideas in their future application. Schools are well calculated to complete a rightly organized commencement, but too frequently have they reason to deplore their incapacity to correct the viciousness and irregularities of habits contracted during the period of maternal superintendance.

The political institutions of some countries sanction the familiarity of vice amongst all orders and distinctions of their subjects, but in a free and republican government, the principle of which is *virtue*, I would fearlessly ask where can be produced an instance of a well educated female having forfeited that innocence which the Author of nature has portrayed on the female countenance, and impressed on the female mind. The want of education in females is similar to what the faculty call the *remote cause* of disease, in either it may remain, to all appearance, harmless for a long time, but it is ever ready to unite with an *exciting cause*, which union, in females, destroys the whole system.

Some unlucky thoughts thrust themselves into the very midst of these reflections in the form of the following interrogatories:—"In the thirty pupils present in this room have we all the young females of this town and immediate vicinity who require scholastick education? a view of the population forbids an affirmative answer. Why are they not here or in some similar place? Are their parents too ignorant to appreciate the benefits of education? are they determined to continue the propagation of that ignorance, and entail its curses on the rising and succeeding generations? I was about to direct the queries to the whole county, to the neighboring counties, but fearing the result I proceeded no farther. Great and merciful Creator I once more exclaimed, hadst thou not already bestowed sufficient means whereby this essential qualification may be acquired and advantageously employed, I would humbly implore thy gracious interference to enlighten the minds of these people, and exhibit to their understanding the evils which their negligence is accumulating for this otherwise happy country. At this moment the lady superintending the examination announced her labors closed, I left the room with a determination to visit the male department in the afternoon, of which I shall write you from the first stage that affords me sufficient time.

It is reported, says the Providence Gazette, that Mr. Thos. J Randolph has received an offer from some person in Boston, of $100.000 for the late Mr. Jefferson's manuscripts.

The U. S. ship North Carolina, which we have already stated anchored on her way up from the Roads about two miles below the town, again got under way on Friday forenoon, on the ebb tide, & glided majestically thro' the unruffled stream to the Navy Yard, propelled by the united force of the steam boats Virgina, Capt. Ferguson, and Philadelphia, Capt. Crocker. On coming abreast of Town Point, which must necessarily be passed within stone throw, the numerous throng of citizens on the wharf welcomed the noble ship and her gallant crew, with six hearty cheers: in an instant her shrouds were manned and the welkin resounded with as many answering peals of "huzzas" from the ship, while her excellent band struck up the inspiring national air, *Hail Columbia*. The North Carolina is in all respects in superior order; although from a long cruize she is as neat and trim in her appearance as the day she left our waters. The view of this enormous floating castle, with its wooden walls bristling with cannon, its towering masts and tapering shrouds, as it moved over the waters "like a thing of life," was inconceivably grand, and approaching as near to the sublime as any object of human structure that can be imagined.—[*Norfolk Herald.*

The rumor of a "*novel Spectacle*," which had found its way into the eastern papers, turns out on inquiry to be correct. We have learned from unquestionable authority, that it is the intention of a number of gentlemen, at and near the Falls, to gratify their friends with the truly novel spectacle of witnessing the passage of a Vessel *down the cataract of Niagara!!* The schooner Michigan, of about 130 tons burthen, has been made choice of for this grand and unique exhibition, which is to take place on the 8th of September next. Her hatches and cabin windows will be made water tight, and after being towed to the head of the rapids she will be abandoned to her fate and one more terrible cannot well be imagined. A number of animals of different kinds, it is said, will be placed on her deck, to enjoy the pleasure or honor (either would be a barbarous compliment) of the passage. The addition of a *Frenchman*, who should ascend from the deck of the vessel in a balloon, after she enters the rapids, is wholly gratuitous, we believe, however much such a sight might add to the interest of the scene.—[*Buffalo Journal*

A man calling himself Jesse Strang has been tried and convicted lately at Albany, for the murder of a Mr. John Whipple, of that place, whom he shot through a chamber window. Strang is to be executed on the 24th of this month. Mrs. Whipple, wife of the deceased, has also been tried as being accessary to the murder, but the jury without leaving their seats found a verdict of not guilty.

The Colombian schr. Anna, which arrived at New-York on Saturday, was one of the vessels which carried troops from Laguira to Carthagena. Bolivar arrived at the latter place on the 9th ult. in the British frigate Druid, and was received with every mark of respect. It is said that nearly 10,000 troops had assembled at Carthagena, to await the orders of Bolivar.

The Providence Washington Insurance Company have presented five hundred dollars to Edmund Dobson, mate of the brigantine Crawford, for his exertions in rescuing the cargo and vessel, on which they had insured to a considerable amount, from the possession of Tardy and the three Spanish pirates.

DIED,

In this town on Friday night last, Peter, infant son of Dr. Wm. Martin, of this place.

In this town on Sunday morning last, John Watkins, infant son of James S. Reife, esq. of this place.

PRICES CURRENT.

Elizabeth-City, Aug. 18.

Bacon—10 cents per pound.
Butter—20 cents per pound.
Brandy Cogniac—$1 75.
Do. Apple—40 cents.
Rum—West-India, 80 a 85
Do. New-England, 43.
Gin—Country, 45 a 48.
Do. Holland, $1 a 1 12½.
Gunpowder—per keg $7.
Whiskey—36 cts.
Wheat—60 a 62 1 2.
Corn—per bushel 40 a 45 cents.
Flaxseed—90
Chocolate—per pound, 18 a 20 cts
Candles—Sperm, 40 cts.
Do. mould, 14 a 16 cts.
Do. dipt, 10 a 12½
Cheese—10 a 12½.
Coffee—16 a 17 cts.
Flour—per bbl. $6 50 to 7.
Lard—10 cents per pound.
Meal—per bushel, 75.
Molasses—per gallon, 32 cts.
Pork—prime per bbl. $10.
Pork—mess per lb. $15.
Sugar—per cwt. $9 a 10.
Salt—Liverpool, 50 cts.
Do. Turks-Isl. 60 a 65 cts.
Shingles—Building, $2 50
Do. Sale, $1 50.
W. O. Hhd. Staves—$18 a 20.
R. O.—do. do. $10.
Bbl. Staves—$6 a 7
Oil—Linseed, $1.
Oil—Sperm, $1.
Oil—Fish, 40 a 45.
Rice—pr. 100 lbs. $3½ a 4.
Tobacco—plug, 15 a 16.

Marine News.

PORT OF ELIZABETH-CITY.

ARRIVED.

16th, Schr. Harriet Eliza, Walker, from St. Thomas, in ballast.

DEPARTED.

15th, Schr. Mary Ann, Baum, for Charleston, corn by Wright & Williams.

To sail to-day.

Schr. Thomas H. Blount, Gregory, for Charleston, corn by Wright & Williams.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber intends leaving this place in the Spring of 1828, and wishes to sell her place where she resides, about half a mile from Elizabeth-City. It will be offered on the following terms, the 1st Monday in September next, on the premises at 4 o'clock in the afternoon—Say, one half of the purchase money to be paid in six months, and the balance in twelve and eighteen months—approved security will be required.

Mary Jackson.

Aug. 18. *Tf*

JUST RECEIVED

100 casks Stone Lime,
25 kegs white Lead,
Paint, Oil, Putty,
Window Glass,
Spirits Turpentine,
AND
20 bbls New-York, Canal Flour, on consignment, which will be sold very low, if applied for immediately.

Mathew Cluff.

Elizabeth-City, Aug. 18.

CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIRING

The Subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Pasquotank and the circumjacent Counties, that he has located himself in Elizabeth-City, on Road-Street, next door north of Mr. Gordan's Store, where he intends carrying on the above business, together with Gold and Silver Smithing, Gun Smithing, Compass and Quadrant repairing and job work in general. Having had considerable experience in the above branches, he assures those who may encourage him that he can give satisfaction.

N. B. Cash given for Gold and Silver.

Ebenezer Slocum

Elizabeth-City, August 18. *Bt*

NOTICE

All persons indebted to the subscriber by accounts, notes or otherwise, are requested to call and settle the same by the 1-t Sept. next. And those to whom he may be indebted, are also requested to present their claims within the time above mentioned

Fred. Hoskins.

Aug. 18.

Constables Blanks.

WARRANTS for Perquimans, Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck Counties.

INSOLVENT BONDS and CASTS, printed, and for sale at

THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.

SELECTED.

The Distant Ship.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

The sea bird's wing o'er ocean's breast,
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west,
Spreads, kindling fast and far;
And yet that splendor wins thee not—
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark, distant spot,
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee!—o'er the slumbering deep
A solemn glory broods;
A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,
And all the golden woods;
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light;
What spell from the rich pageantry,
Chains down the gazing sight?

A chastening thought of human cares,
A feeling linked to earth!
Is not yon speck a bark, which bears
The loved of many a hearth?
Oh! do not hope and grief and fear,
Crown her frail world even now,
And manhood's prayer, and women's tear
Follow her venturous prow?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering seas below;
But we are bound by cords of love,
To kindred, weal and wo!
Thou too, amidst this wide array,
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on the bark's lone way,
For human hearts are there.

—:*:*:*:—

From the Raleigh Star.

Scriptural Melodies.—No. 1.

The sacred volume is a mine from which the philosopher, the historian and the poet may obtain the brightest gems of thought. It presents us with subjects the most momentous to the human race; with subjects calculated to exercise the highest energies of mind, and rouse the dormant feelings of the heart. Infinity of time and space, the creation of worlds and suns by the mandate of omnipotence, the powers of Hell leagued for the seduction of man, his fall from primeval innocence, the destruction of a world overburthened with crime, the redemption of man by the Son of God, the convulsions of nature at his resurrection, the grandeur of his ascension, and the glories of Heaven by him revealed, are themes
Which might an angel's harp employ,
And constitute his highest joy.

Immutability of God.

Empires may flourish or decay—
Year may end their glory!
And those who knew them once, may say
They now but live in story.

And nature's battlements may fall,
Smote by the hand of time,
While dark'ning ruin spreads his pall
O'er earth's most favor'd clime.

But 'mid the changing scenes below,
A God unchang'd I'll trust;
His holy will I'll seek to know,
For he is *good* and *just*.

O! be Almighty God my friend,
I'll undismay'd appear,
When suns and worlds in ruin blend,
And form a chaos drear!

W. D. D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Rural Repository.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is a singular flower; it blooms in every season and climate—it is either domestic or foreign, and grows upon the heart almost with the rapidity of lightning—but like every delicate plant, it wants attention. Let it be touched with the frost of neglect, it withers—let the scythe of interest but lop one branch, it becomes feeble, and, unless the soil in which it grows be peculiarly favourable, it droops and dies—but more generally the latter. This is a melancholy fact, but a very natural consequence, as the following little story will fully illustrate.

Henry Mardyck, who was a young man of considerable promise in the profession of the law, at an early age became acquainted with Edward Elle, a companion in his studies, and by degrees they had contracted a mutual friendship, which it had seemed impossible to have broken. The morning of their lives was indeed a morning of flowers; and whether they pursued the antlered buck or the savage wolf, or mingled in the gay delights of the dance, all was gaiety, friendship and happiness. But alas! how few are the hours of earthly happiness! In the village where they resided were many amiable females, and to one of these, the young Mardyck had surrendered as warm and enthusiastic a heart as ever glowed in the bosom of man. Amelia Muncey was the idol of his soul—with her the world would be every thing—without her, nothing. She was a beautiful girl; the elegance and symmetry of her person, the sweet flush of health that mingled with the roses upon her cheeks, the black piercing eyes with their long and delicate lashes, that sparkled beneath the sweetest of foreheads and the most elegant of jetty tresses, might have animated a less susceptible heart than that of Henry Mardyck. Edward was the only friend to whom he confided the emotions of his soul, and to him it was a moment of unalloyed joy when he heard the day was appointed for the nuptials of one he really at this time esteemed and loved.

About a week before the intended consumation of Henry's felicity, intelligence was brought from his paternal home, that his aged father was taken seriously and dangerously ill. This was a moment of deep distress, as duty called him from one he esteemed above all this world, to attend, possibly, the dying moments of a parent, who had neglected nothing that could conduce to his comfort or happiness, and with melancholy feelings after a fond farewell to his Amelia, he departed for the home of his boyhood.

The hours rolled along, and many a time did Edward think that Time did not move with his wonted speed, so slowly he had passed since the departure of his early friend. But every day had his wings grown lighter: and now, why did his flight seem so rapid? Why did he regret his rapidity? What emotions were those that so fondly stole upon his senses, whenever he beheld the beloved Amelia? Did he love? Alas! he too plainly felt he did. But was this strange? Amelia was an elegant—an agreeable—an amiable girl—possibly a weak one. And who is not weak? Can the heart suppress its feelings? It was true, duty, nay, friendship forbade his affections to rise above the thermometer-mark of esteem—but who has studied the heart to check its emotions! Edward, who had only impatiently anticipated the return of Henry, now—so mutable is human nature—dreaded his appearance; and when he heard, at the expiration of a month that in consequence of the death of the indulgent parent of his friend that he would unavoidably be detained from returning for a length of time, he even rejoiced in the melancholy event that seemed so calculated to favour his intentions. His intentions? What were they? Would he marry Amelia? She was the affianced wife of another—that other, his friend.—He felt all the horrors of his situation:—Did he love her as I, thought he, who am willing to sacrifice the world for her, why would he be detained? This was a contagious thought—Amelia also felt it—he was not now so punctual in his communications to her. Had he found some other who had won his affections from her? That which a discerning eye might have rendered plain was now by the designing Edward rendered dark and inexplicable. But such, even such, is all earthly friendship!

A few months passed; the morning was bright and lovely—the gay bird carolled in the air—the autumnal forest with its parti-colored leaves, seemed a continued and immense bed of flowers—and now and then the dark shade of some flickering cloud passed rapidly over the bright stream of the Susquehannah—but the village of Wyoming heard a sad tale for Henry Mardyck—it was the morning of his return to the house of his beloved; but, ah, faithless Amelia. Fondly he thought to have clasped that fair girl in his arms—to have chased away with a mutual kiss every emotion of the regret he had felt at their separation—to have grasped enthusiastically the hand of his old friend—but where was Amelia?—Where was Edward? A palsying sickness crossed his brain when he beheld her heart-broken parents—the silent and unutterable despair upon the brow of the father—and the cheeks of the mother bedewed with the overflowings of sorrow. He rushed from their presence with a shriek of phrenzy—he met the father of his false friend upon the portal—his presence was a thunderbolt to the bewildered Henry—but with the fleetness of an arrow he passed him, and immediately left the village, with a determination to pursue even to the ends of the earth, the man whom he once felt proud to designate among his friends. He traced his flight to Baltimore—they met—ah! where was that feeling of happiness which had characterized their last meeting? In place of smiles, the dark frown was upon each brow, and as if the finger of Hippocrates was upon them, they seemed stricken dumb with contending passions. To pass few words—they met again—and now sleep in the silent tomb—each one a victim to the other's arm—and the too week Amelia found her burial place in the cold waters of the Chesapeake, a victim to broken friendship, remorse and despair.

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"Going in the Country"

'My dear,' said Mrs. Artful to her loving spouse one day, as he came in fatigued from his business, to dinner—'my dear,' said she, with a sweeter smile than she had cast upon him for a twelve month—'Don't you think my complexion has looked rather bilious for a few weeks past?'

'Why no, my dear,' said the husband, fondly patting her under the chin, and little dreaming to what this sudden gust of affection was to lead—'no, my dear,' said he, pressing her fondly to his bosom, and implanting a fervent kiss upon her lips—'I have rarely known you look so well in the summer for many years. You don't feel ill, my dear, I hope, to day? The weather has been so delightfully cool for the last month, and the atmosphere so bracing and elastic'—

'Not exactly sick,' said Mrs. Artful, before her husband had time to finish his commendations of the weather—'but, then you know, my dear,' (not regarding what he was saying,) that it is so unhealthy and disagreeable to spend the whole summer in the city. And so I've been thinking whether we could not take a trip to the Springs, or to Niagara, just to get a little fresh air. Besides, Mrs. Flyabout has just dropped in, and she is going to make up a fine party. Mrs. Silverheels and her two sisters, and the daughter who married Mr. Shortstaple at the South, are to be of the company, and they have invited us to go along."

"Why, my dear,' said Mr. A. 'you must be aware that the times are hard. You know I endorsed for old Souchong, his brother in-law Dashall, and his hopeful son-in-law Bob Tandem and have had it all to pay. And besides, the apostle himself was not more encumbered with his 'bonds' than I am with the 'Life and Fire.' S'death! I might as well have *died* and been *burnt* up at once, myself!'

'But, my dear, rejoined the wife, 'your business is good—your last cargoes sold well—you sold out your stocks before the troubles came on and you are getting over your losses; and then the children—Emily, and Catharine, and George and Frederick—dear little souls!—have not been well these three weeks.—They should be taken to the country. We can leave them with their uncle Hardenbrook: at Saugeties, where they can breathe and frolic in the fresh air. It will be so delightful!'

'My dear,' said the husband, earnestly, 'we cannot afford it. The children would be well enough if they were not indulged in every thing they cry for, and stuffed with poison, in the shape of green fruit and green corn. It is true I have thus far been able to meet my notes; but I have had to shift and turn every way, and have already shinn'd it so much that I am ashamed to be seen in Wall-street. And then there are the bills for schooling, and the music bills, and the French teacher, and the dancing master—the convex mirrors for the parlor, and the ninety dollars you know, for your last cashmere shawl—all, all, must be paid next week. 'Indeed, I—I hardly know'—

'Oh, you are always pleading poverty, whenever I want to be gratified with a jaunt in the country for a few days. There's Mrs. Gossamer, and Mrs. Fundable, and Mrs. Yardstick, have all been taking their pleasure in the country these three weeks—and here am I so oppressed for breath—and the dear little ones too—and nothing but Manhattan water, as salt as Lot's wife"—

"But do hear to reason wife. If Gossamer would pay me—or, if Fundable would'nt charge me three per cent a month for money to pay other people's debts—or if my business was all profit and no risk, like a draper's—then I would think of it. At present, however, I do not think it would be exactly honest to'—

'Honest! Why, Mr. Artful, need you be more honest than your neighbors? Half of our acquaintances have failed, since the last year; and most of them are now travelling to Cattskill, and Lake George, and Lebanon, as though nothing had happened. I don't see, for my part, why you should slave yourself to death, and keep me and the children shut up in the City all summer long, when it is as hot as an oven."

'But I say again wife, I cannot afford. If we go, I must borrow the money from old Gripus—and then, if those bills should be returned from England with a protest at their tails, we shall be'—

'Then you will be as well off as your neighbors,' replied the lady with much less sweetness of manner than she commenced this dialogue. 'Besides to be plain about the matter, I have *promised* to go, and have this morn purchased travelling dresses for the children, which Mrs. Gimp and the two Misses Buckrams have engaged to have all finished before the boat goes to-morrow evening. So, you see, go *we must*, or I shall be disgraced, and'—

'That matter can be easily settled. Give the clothes to the makers for their pay—it would be infinitely more to my advantage. It would be far better to suffer that loss, than to expend half a fortune for the sake of using them. And perhaps it would be more judicious the next time, before you make purchases, to ascertain, in the first place how they are to be paid for. And then, as for the 'disgrace'—which will be the most disgraceful, to stay at home, and, by industry and economy, strive to retrieve our losses, or dash about among the fashionable this month, for the pleasure of gazing at our friends through iron casements the next?'

Mrs. A. (weeping.) "'Tis too bad I protest, that I have heard of nothing from you but losses and poverty ever since we were married. I am heartily sick of it, and our poor children will never be able to hold up their heads in genteel company—they will always feel mean and poverty-struck.

They are so much in the habit of believing that you are not worth sixpence, that I really pity them; and if we must all be so miserably off through life, I wish they had never been born!'

It was utterly in vain for poor Mr. Artful to attempt any further resistance. His wife was bent on going; and he plainly saw that, sooner or later, he should be compelled to surrender either to her tongue or her tears. With a deep-drawn sigh, therefore, and heartily wishing the Gossamers and Flyabouts in the depths of the sea, he at length ceased to oppose, and finally yielded a reluctant consent.

[*N. Y. Com. Adver.*

[*From the "Pulpit."*]

Literary Excellence, &c. of the Bible generally.

"It has God for its Author; Salvation for its end; and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter." [*Locke.*

Of the Bible, it may be truly said, that in whatever way we regard it, it is the *ne plus ultra* of excellence. If we look at it as a mere literary production, it stands pre-eminent over every other volume in the world; or if we regard it as the revealed word and will of God, then, indeed, it is "quick and powerful, piercing even to dividing assunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow;" or when we look at it as a system and a guide, in all vicissitudes and changes, what a thesaurus of golden rules is this one book! In all things it is the Christian's treasury, whether in the letter or in the spirit: and there are thousands who have experienced an *exhaustless* source of spiritual and intellectual enjoyment in their practical study of this blessed volume; so that it was justly remarked by a late eminent divine,* that "the most learned, acute, and diligent student, cannot, in the longest life, obtain an entire knowledge of this one volume; because, the more deeply he works the mine, the richer and more abundant he finds the ore."

As a literary production, beauty of expression, utmost sublimity of imagery, unequalled grandeur of idea, the most harmonious periods, the softness and mellifluousness of its verse, and the eloquence and cogency of every component part, are the characteristics of the Bible.—Viewed in this point, where is the author or the volume that has half so engaged the attention and labors of mankind? Homer, Euripides, Xenophon, Menander, Virgil, and many others, have, indeed, all employed the abilities and labors of past ages, and volume after volume have been composed, in annotation and comment, upon various volumes of those geniuses of antiquity; but what is this, compared with the attention which the Bible has excited? What are all these compared with what has been written on the contents of this blessed book? they are but as a partial drop of water in an universal sea! Not to mention, indeed, that many of those great authors themselves read and borrowed many of their grand ideas from the sacred writings; thus, Homer seems to have copied the idea of his list of warriors from the enumeration of David's worthies—Virgil has, it is well known copied the subject of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah for the theme of his "Polio," and many others. The works of Plato and Socrates afford ample proofs that the Bible has been the subject of admiration in all ages. Longinus bore ample testimony, and affirmed it to be the very excellent of excellency, and divine! Nay, more; even infidelity has been constrained to admire, while it contemned the sacred oracles of the Most High, and seems to have felt conscious of its wrongfulness, in rejecting them as the rule of life, and guide to Heaven. Let us hear the sentiments of that well-known sceptical writer, Mr. CHUBB:

"In Christ we have an example of a quiet and peaceable spirit; of a becoming modesty and sobriety; just and honest; upright and sincere; and, above all, of a most gracious and benevolent temper and behaviour. One who did no wrong, no injury to any man; in whose mouth was no guile; who went about doing good, not only by his preaching and ministry, but also in curing all manner of diseases among the people.—His life was a beautiful picture of human nature, when in its native purity and simplicity, and shewed at once, what excellent creatures men would be, when under the influence and power of that gospel which he preached to them." Astonishing! that man should force himself beyond his own conviction, to be an infidel! But let us hear the celebrated French naturalist, ROUSSEAU:—

"I confess that the majesty of the scriptures, and the holiness of the gospel, greatly affect me. View the books of the philosophers with all their pomp, how little do they appear placed beside this! Is it possible that a book, at once so sublime and simple, can be the work of men? Is it possible that he, whose history it records, can be but a mere man? Does he speak in the tone of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious sectary? what mildness, what purity in his manners! what persuasive grace in his instructions!—what elevation in his maxims! what profound wisdom in his discourses! what presence of mind; what ingenuity; and what justness in his answers! what empire over his passions! Where is the man, where is the sage, who knows how to act, to suffer, and to die, without weakness and without ostentation?" O infidelity! that, self-convicted and self-hardened, are thus, Balaam-like, constrained to praise where thou didst intend to scoff!

But to return; where, in the whole massy volumes of antiquity and modern times, where do we find any thing that may be placed in competition with the scriptures in point of sublimity? Where is there any thing like that celebrated picture of the horse in Job—that has baffled the imitative attempts of the Augustan and all other ages? Where do we find the song of Deborah and Barak equalled? Where is there a parallel to the holy song of Moses; and the timbrel of Miriam; or aught like that, justly entitled "The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's?" Are not these the very voice & language of the soul? Or "did we ever find," say an eloquent divine† "sorrow flowing forth in such natural prevailing pathos, as in the lamentations of Jeremy!—one would think, that every letter was wrote with a tear; every word was the voice of a breaking heart; that the author was a man compacted of sorrows, disciplined to grief from his very infancy; one who never breathed but in sighs nor spoke but in a groan!"

W. H. F.

*Rev. T. Scott.

†Dr South's Sermons, vo. iv. p. 31.

A learned dog is in exhibition at N. York. He spells, plays cards, answers questions, understands arithmetic, geography and astronomy—We have seen a great many *PUPS* that could play cards; but very few of them knew much about geography, astronomy, &c.

A person who was very fat, being accosted by another to whom he owed money, with a how-do-you, said, "pretty well, I thank you, I find *I hold my own*." "Yes, (replied the other,) *and mine too*, to a